

to say that they owe their conversion to the grace of God as brought to them by Dr. Graham.

His devotion to the children of the Church is one of the precious memories of his pastorate; and in the Covenanters' camps which he used to conduct we doubt not that much precious seed was sown, its rich fruitage to be garnered in eternity.

He constantly bore upon his heart the young men of the institutions located here, and he labored for them in season and out of season.

We could well sum up his pastoral care over us by saying: He was gentle in the midst of us, as when a nurse cherisheth her own children; even so, being affectionately desirous of us, he was well pleased to impart to us not the gospel of God only, but also his own soul, because we were become very dear unto him.

As a result of these devoted labors he left this church in the various spheres of its spiritual service in a better condition than it has perhaps ever been before.

A true-hearted servant of God has been called home—a servant of whom we believe his Lord can use these words found in Malachi:

"My covenant was with him of life and peace; and I gave them to him that he might fear; and he feared Me and stood in awe of My name. The law of truth was in his mouth, and unrighteousness was not found in his lips: he walked with Me in peace and uprightness, and turned many away from iniquity."

JAMES WILBER CRAWFORD.

Son of William Bell Crawford and Virginia Holbrook Crawford, was born December 26, 1871, and died July 19, 1917, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Howard H. Patterson, near Harrison, Va.

Mr. Crawford was a man of many lovable traits of character. He was noted for his kind and genial disposition, and was generosity itself to his friends and relatives. A host of friends will long remember and mourn for him.

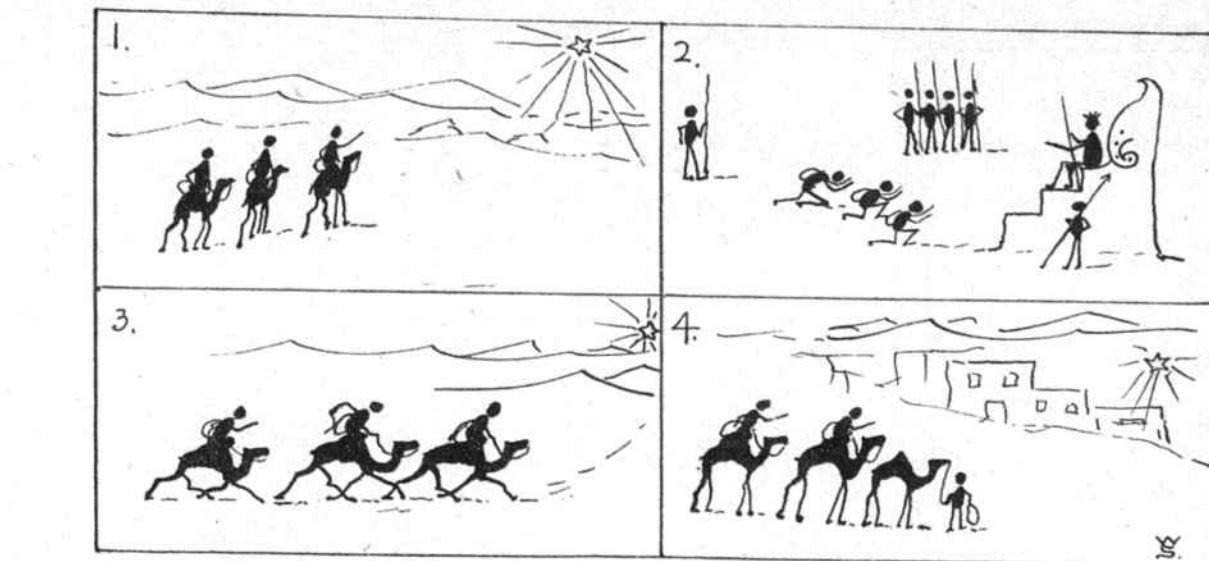
He was buried in the family lot at Mt. Horeb Presbyterian church on Saturday, July 21. The funeral services were conducted by Revs. D. K. Walthall, of Waynesboro; J. C. Clark, of New Hope, and G. A. Wilson, of Mt. Horeb. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Charles and Frank McClung, W. F. Fretwell, Randolph Coleman, D. H. Patterson, Robert Byers, Charles Burke and Dr. T. C. Miller. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful.

So closed the life of one of the best and noblest of men, and this is the tribute of one who knew him well and loved him. A Friend.

MRS. VIRGINIA BROWN CRAWFORD.

Daughter of Selah and Mary Ann Holbrook, born August 25, 1839, in Buckingham County, Va., married W. B. Crawford in 1864, died at the home of her daughter in Augusta County, Va., August 31, 1917.

"She arose a mother in Israel." In that line I write her eulogy, and I write it with reverent touch, knowing full well that it conveys the truest homage of the heart. Mother! There is no other word that means quite so much of love, that has quite so much of praise, no other title quite so fine as mother. That word in its finest sense comes to mind as I think of her of whom I write. It strikes the keynote of her character. A mother's power to love and to give herself in love was instinct with her life; a mother's sympathy and instinctive understanding was a part of herself; a mother's charge to protect, to



From one of "The Little Jetts" pages. It is the Christmas story. The title is "A Wonderful Quest," and the Scripture references are as follows: No. 1—Matt. 2:1. No. 2—Matt. 2:7, 8. No. 3—Matt. 2:9. No. 4—Matt. 2:10. Get your Bible out and see how the pictures fit. This is only one out of 52 pages.

If ever there was an astonished author or "artist" it is Wade C. Smith. He never dreamed of his little book going beyond the confines of the Southern Presbyterian Church. In 12 months it has gotten well scattered all over the world. Orders are coming in from many foreign countries, including Japan, Korea, China, Mexico, Brazil, Guatemala, Cuba, England, France, Africa. An order from Cawnpore, India, came for two copies. A Melbourne, Australia, book concern asked this week for quotations on 500 copies. Not only is every state in the union now on the shipping list, but Canada is ordering The Little Jetts in lots of 3 to 100 copies. Every province in the Dominion is figuring out the lessons of the little pictures—from British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan on the West, to Labrador and New Foundland on the East. One lady in South Carolina, several months ago, ordered the book at a venture; she was so pleased that she ordered six more copies to place among her friends; then she got a dozen. Her orders continued to come, until so far her purchases amount to 67 copies. The presses are now engaged in turning out the 12th thousand, and it looks as though sales have just begun.

HOW TO GET THIS WONDERFUL BOOK.

It can be bought from the Presbyterian of the South for 75 cents by mail. But here is a better plan: For two dollars the Presbyterian of the South will be sent to anyone who is not now taking it and two copies of Little Jetts will be sent without any additional charge. The paper and books will be sent to the same or different address, as may be desired. Send orders to

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strengthen, to rear, to make the utmost of and for her children was with her a passion. To her children she gave herself without measure and she bound them to her with cords of love stronger than hoops of steel. To others her mothering heart reached out and bound her relatives, her pupils, neighbors and her friends to herself. She was to all a mother, and here we find her meed of praise: "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive."

"She arose a mother in Israel." There is a suggestion of the heroic in the phrase. The heroic was in her character. Brave, gentle, and true, she bore the spirit of the sixties. Married in '64, she was a woman of the Confederacy, she was of that type that has placed forever a halo of glory on the brow of Southern womanhood.

"She arose a mother in Israel." There is the suggestion of Godliness in the phrase. She was a Godly woman. Hers was that pure religion and undefiled that visiteth the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and keepeth itself unspotted from the world. For years she was an honored and loyal member of Mt. Horeb Presbyterian church. She had a simple, beautiful, strong faith in God, and in that faith she found her strength to live, and in that faith she died with the peace of perfect assurance and the light of glorious hope.

God blessed her with many virtues and in freely giving of them all she made her life a blessing. Her children, her grandchildren, her nephews and nieces, her pupils, the many lives she touched in many ways, all rise up to call her blessed, for she was first and last and all the time that finest thing that God has made—a mother in Israel.

MISS ELIZABETH ALLYN MOORE.

Elizabeth Allyn Moore, daughter of Dr. William J. and Camilla Allyn

Moore, died at her home in Norfolk, Va., November 27, 1917, after a brief illness. The announcement of her death brought sadness to a great host of friends. No other woman in the history of the city was more universally loved than "Miss Lizzie," as she was affectionately known to every one.

Her entire life was spent in the city of her birth, where she was identified with every movement for the spiritual and moral betterment of the community. Her never-failing kindness, her absolute unselfishness, her wholesome piety and faith, made her life a benediction to all who knew her. To enter her home and enjoy its gracious, tactful hospitality was an experience no one could ever forget.

Her income, beyond what was barely necessary for a simple living, was at the service of every call of need. The poor, the friendless, and the sorrowing found in her a friend who never failed.

The simple funeral services were held in the First Presbyterian church, of which she had been a lifelong member.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in—for inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

HOWARD RALSTON GILKESON.

Howard Ralston, second son of S. M. and Lettie Martin Gilkeson, of Augusta County, Va., was born April 15, 1896; died April 9, 1917.

For several years Howard had been from home a part of the time. Had recently gone to Ohio, and when taken sick, being near Cincinnati, went there to a hospital.

He was a quiet, thoughtful boy with strong individuality. He arranged everything, signed all necessary papers at hospital, wrote a card home saying he was making a change and would send address later, with another and a stamp in his pocket, doubtless to fulfill his promise.

But was so ill from the first, of measles, then pneumonia, that no word reached his family till he was dying. What a shock to them, to friends and to the community.

His brother brought remains home. Funeral next day from New Providence church by his pastor, Rev. H. W. McLaughlin.

He united with the church June 14, 1914. His pastor remarked, not when there was excitement of a meeting as others coming into the kingdom, but alone. And alone he went to that strange city hospital and suffered from March 23 till the end came.

In his conscious moments how he must have longed for home—the prayers of father and mother, her presence and the touch of her hand, the brother and sisters. Alone! Yet not alone, for we believe that Jesus was very near and precious to him.

As we looked on the manly form, just lacking a few days of reaching his majority, on the broad, high forehead and peaceful face we thought, "How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!"

"How much of cherished hope, how many bright prospects vanish in thy death!"

And our hearts would cry, "Why? Why?" But faith answered, "Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Again Satan is defeated and another soul gone home to God.

The influence of this young life, who can tell?

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

A Friend